

CHARIVARIA.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR unveiled last week a statue of WILLIAM THE SILENT, who, we imagine, was with marvellous foresight so called to distinguish him from the KAISER, who made a speech even on this occasion.

THE KING OF ITALY, it is now said, has given his consent to the betrothal of the Duke of the ABRUZZI and Miss ELKINS, but the engagement is to remain a secret a little while longer.

The Registrar-General's return for the first quarter of this year shows a distinct rise in the birth-rate. We attribute this to the rush for Old-age Pensions.

The Mayor of CAMBRIDGE has received the sum of one pound as conscience money from one who participated in the rags of November, 1905, when so much damage was done. This tends to bear out what we are so often told, namely, that as good hearts may beat beneath rags as behind fine silks and satins.

The Northampton Herald, in describing a meeting held to protest against the Licensing Bill, says of the speeches:—"It was possible to appreciate the many effective points, even though the exact words did not reach the ear of the listener. Enthusiasm and interest were always at a high pitch." This must have been so.

A School for Mothers has been inaugurated at Fulham, and the children are hoping that the classes will be held, not in the evening but in the day-time, when mothers are such a nuisance fussing about and interfering.

A German named NIEDBRAND married his wife's sister. She died last

spring, and now he has married the mother of his two previous wives. This, we suppose, is what is known as a Family Man.

Now on view at Shepherd's Bush: The Frankly-Unfinished Exhibition.

It is proposed that, with a view to reminding the French nation of the dangers of a dwindling population, the national motto shall be changed to "Liberté! Egalité! Maternité!"

At the fête in aid of the funds of

"In music," says *The World's Work*, "what we have chiefly to learn from Germany is how to listen." The behaviour of the average Englishman when a German band begins to play in his street would seem to point to the correctness of this remark.

Observant persons claim to see already a reaction against motoring. Certainly in Ireland there has been a recrudescence of cattle-driving.

"Intending competitors should, however, remember that there are two ways of throwing the javelin—the free style, in which any hold is allowed, and the Athenian style, which nobody seems yet to fully understand."—*Daily Mail*.

"Sorry," you say to the umpire when you catch him in the wind or split his infinitive, "but that was the Athenian style."

The Real Herbert Spencer.

"That he had a sense of humour is shown repeatedly in this biography, and he always loved a hearty laugh."

Daily Dispatch.

"In brief, he was wholly devoid of humour. He could not laugh at the trivial forms of life."

Daily Mail.

This, then, settles the question of his humour.

"Dr. Duncan can say some things for Spencer that he could not say for himself—that he was kindly

and amiable at heart, that he had a deep and sincere affection for his father, and so forth."—*Westminster Gazette*.

Let us believe the best. Perhaps Dr. DUNCAN could have said all this for himself, but didn't think he ought to.

From an advertisement in *The Northern Whig*:—

"La Milo, the Inimitable, covered with fresh glory."

So now nobody can object.

"Solicitor, 16 yrs.' standing, going Australia for health."—*Glasgow Herald*.

He might try sitting down on the voyage out.



New Curate. "How's your wife, Jabez?"
Jabez. "Er's very doubtful, Measter. 'Er doubts as 'er won't get better, and o' doubts as 'er wull."

St. Mary's Hospital a number of dangerous microbes were on view. We understand that a proposal that these should be let loose among the visitors unless the sum required for the Hospital were subscribed within ten minutes was vetoed by old-fashioned members of the Committee.

A Parisian gambler, it is stated, who had won £7,000 at the tables, was robbed of the money by two men, who then threw him into a lake. While we have no wish to mix ourselves up in the affair we cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that it was too bad to have thrown the gentleman into the lake.

THE TOCSIN TREATMENT.

[The PRIME MINISTER has capitulated to the Bell of Dundee. He has promised a negative support to the claims of the Suffragettes on the eve of dissolution, whenever that deplorable contingency occurs. The subsequent raid on Downing Street proves that the militant party is not satisfied with the terms of his surrender.]

RING forth, wild bell, your lethal note!
Where'er a Liberal opes his lung,
Let go your clapper, loose your tongue,
And paralyse him in the throat!

Ring forth the old Dundee alarm,
The muffin-peal's importunate yelp;
Ring till the ringer cries for help,
Having the cramp all up her arm.

Behold the downy ASQUITH-bird
Is sworn to pipe a favouring tune,
When he delivers, late or soon,
His final music long deferred.

Meanwhile, till that elusive swan
Consents to speed his parting breath,
Give him no peace this side of death,
But just keep on, and on, and on.

Ring out the age of wordy strife,
Of argumental equipoise;
Ring in the rule of simple noise,
Ring in the ampler louder life.

Ring (as I said and still repeat),
Whether you sound a lonely knell
Or in conjunction with the bell
At No. 10 in Downing Street.

Ring out the tyrant gods of tin,
Whose feet are on our galled necks;
Ring out the man, the futile sex,
And ring the Larger Female in.

O. S.

ON LETTING A CARAVAN.

LETTER NO. I.

Mrs. ANDREW MCGUPPIE would be glad to have particulars of Mr. BROWN's caravan. A friend showed me your advertisement. Please send full details. And what about the horse? It really seems an ideal holiday. She would like to have a reply from Mr. BROWN by return of post. And is it watertight? I want you to send lowest terms.

LETTER NO. II.

DEAR SIR,—I feel I really must write to thank you for introducing me to caravanning. Your letter was most interesting, and I am sure that it is an ideal holiday, and such a nice way of seeing the country. My husband and I feel that we simply *must* go caravanning this summer. We are not quite sure about the date, but would you please reserve the caravan for us from August 15 to 19, unless one of them is a Sunday? My husband has such strong views; and we think Lowestoft would be a nice place to start from. My brother (did I mention that he would be of the party?) is so fond of that part of Westmorland. Will you please have it sent there by rail? My little boy WILFRED will be four months old next Michaelmas. Do you think he will be old enough to go? There are so many things that I want to ask you. Of course my husband will cook the breakfast. He was in the Volunteers, and is quite athletic. He used to play lacrosse for Upper Tooting. The post is just going, so I must stop. Do write me *definitely*. We are

quite excited to think that we will soon be on the Open Road.

I am, yours in haste,
EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

LETTER NO. III.

DEAR MR. BROWN,—Thank you so much for the plan of the caravan. It looks perfectly fascinating, and I think it will be a splendid way to see the country. I am going to get a short skirt with a leather binding, and my Aunt (did I mention that she is going to join us? She hopes to come if she can get away; but she has a *very* important position in an office, and is never certain if she can be spared. I am sure that it would do her so much good, and she thinks it will be an ideal holiday), says I should have a strong walking-stick.

Now, my dear Mr. BROWN, would it trouble you too much to make some small structural alterations in the caravan? (We think "Boa-constrictor" is such a pretty name—so unusual.) For one thing we would like the beds in the kitchen. Unfortunately I suffer at nights from cold feet, and the doctor tells me a little drop of something hot about 1.15 a.m. is *absolutely indispensable*; and it would be so much more convenient to be near the stove. Then is the roof removable? My brother-in-law (did I say that he will be one of us?) has been advised by his medical man to try the fresh-air cure for his laryngitis. I know I had some more questions to ask, but I must wait till my husband comes home, so I shall post this to-day, and you can let us know *definitely* by Sunday.

I am, sincerely yours,
EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

LETTER NO. IV.

DEAR MR. BROWN,—We are so disappointed and surprised that it would cost £8 to send the caravan to Lowestoft, and as you say the rent will only amount to £2 12s. 6d. we can perfectly understand that you do not wish to pay all that. It would be most unreasonable of us to expect it. Would it not be fair to both of us if you were to pay half of it?

Please let me know *definitely* by return of post. We are so much excited at the prospect of becoming real gipsies.

I am, yours very sincerely,
EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

P.S.—What do you mean exactly by the expression "brake"? These technical terms are so puzzling.

LETTER NO. V.

MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—I feel that I must not take up *too* much of your time, but I should be so grateful if you would answer one or two little questions before we come to a definite decision.

(1) Would there be room to take a mangle? Of course we shall do all our own washing. I think that is the charm of it—don't you?

(2) Do you think the under-gardener (we shall have to take him) would be able to drive the horse?

(3) Will you kindly put in a hassock for my aunt?

(4) Is it best to take the horse out of the shafts, if we decide to stay *several* nights in one place?

Please send me *full details*.

I am, yours very sincerely,
EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

LETTER NO. VI.

Mrs. MCGUPPIE is surprised not to have had any reply to her last three letters to Mr. BROWN. I hope he will



A MODERN ST. FRANCIS.

[Lord AVEBURY'S Bill to prohibit the importation of plumage, with exceptions in favour of the ostrich, the eider-duck and also edible wild-birds, has passed its second reading in the House of Lords.]



A MODERN ENGRAVING

By the Rev. John G. ...



TAKING NO RISKS.

(Preparations for our French Visitors in June.)

CAUTIOUS ENGLISH TRAINER, AFTER VISITING LONGCHAMPS, BRINGS BACK SOME DIRECTOIRE DUMMIES, AND TRIES TO GET HIS ARSCOT CANDIDATE ACCUSTOMED TO THE NEW FASHION.

write at once, as she will not be able to take your caravan unless she knows definitely by return of post.

LETTER NO. VII.

MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—Many thanks for your letter. There seem to be a dreadful lot of difficulties in the way. I am afraid we shall have to give up the Lowestoft idea after all, but we cannot possibly start from Chester, as my cousin (did I say that my husband had asked him to join us?) finds the climate there too bracing. I think it is very unreasonable of you not to make the small alterations I suggested; and I don't at all agree with you about the sleeping accommodation. I am sure we shall all be able to crowd in somehow. Of course we shall be roughing it, but I think that is half the charm of it—don't you? It seems so difficult to get anything settled, and now the under-gardener has a dreadful cold in his head. But cheer up, Mr. BROWN. We shall get everything fixed somehow, and I know it will be an ideal holiday, and much the best way to see the country. We shall be perfect *vagabonds*.

Always very sincerely yours,
EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

(Seventeen letters and three postcards omitted.)

LETTER NO. XXV.

DEAR SIR,—I see from your letter that you have made up your mind not to let me the caravan under any circumstances. I cannot understand why you are so inconsistent. You have wasted a great deal of my time. I think it would be best to buy it. What price would you take for the "Boa-constrictor"? (We shall of

course change that ridiculous name.) Please write definitely, and send full details.

Yours faithfully, EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

LETTER NO. XXVI.

DEAR SIR,—We have given up all idea of caravanning, and are going to the Austrian Tyrol instead, as my husband is very fond of the sea.

I remain,

Yours truly, EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

P.S.—I do not think you can have seriously meant the price you mention. It's ridiculous. One could get a second-hand *dog-cart* for that.

TO ANY WOMAN AT ANY BOOKING OFFICE.

Yes, Fate was more than commonly perverse,

For, knowing I had cut it rather fine,

To see you head the long impatient line

Was simply diabolical or worse!

Oh, what an agony I had to nurse

The while you learned your fare was one-and-nine,

And with the utmost calm began to mine

The dark, unplumb'd recesses of a purse!

The senseless porter slams the infernal gate,

And far away the laden train has roll'd.

You always do it, always make me wait

While you enquire: "How much?" and, when

you're told,

Fumble with copper if the sum be great,

And if it be but tuppence tender gold!

LOOKING AT THE GIFT-HORSE.

SCENE.—*A walk in Kensington Gardens. TIME.—Any Sunday Afternoon.*

Promenaders discovered in the act of making their first acquaintance with an equestrian statue by the late G. F. WATTS, R.A.

First Prom. 'Ullo. That's noo, ain't it?

Second Prom. Noo? No! Bin done these 'undreds of years, and more. Can't yer see 'ow it's weather-marked?

First P. Then 'ow does it come to 'ave "Thames Ditton" on it?

Second P. (taken aback). 'As it? (*recovering himself*). Oh, I expect they 'ad it put together there after it was dug up.

First P. Ah, that 'll be it. (*They saunter on, satisfied.*) *Intelligent Artisan.* It's a fine thing enough; but what's it mean? I don't make out the ideer of it myself.

His Missus. It says "Physical Energy" on the front. That's the same as Strength, ain't it?

The I. A. Pretty near. There's no denying it 'ud take some strength to 'old a big 'orse like that, with both reins o' one side, too.

His Friend. I expect it's intended to reppresent the way they used to ride in those days.

The I. A. What days?

His Friend (vaguely). Oh, the days when there used to be that kind of 'orse. Afore sterrups was invented, or yet saddles.

The I. A. He's got towels or somethink to set on—leastwise, there's girths.

His Friend. Oh, 'e 'd 'ave them. One of the Ancient Britons, 'e is (*with a flash of erudition*). Didn't wear no clothes, they didn't. Dyed theirselves blue all over.

The I. A.'s Missus. So I've 'eard. Though why they chose blue—which ain't by no means everybody's colour—I can't think.

The Friend. 'Cause it was the on'y colour they 'ad.

The I. A.'s Missus. Well, they must ha' looked funny in it at funerals.

Polly. I do call it luvverly, ALF—don't you? The w'y the 'orse is poring the air an' all!

Alf. (who is in an unresponsive mood). Don't see nothin' partickler luvverly abart it.

Polly. I like thet young man on the 'orse's back. Ain't 'e got a nahce fice?

Alf. Cawn't s'y what it might ha' been afore it got pitted wiv small-pox.

Polly. Oh, gow on. You 'll be gettin' jealous of 'im next!

Alf. Jealous! Of a bloke wiv a pair o' trotters on him like them? Not likely!

Serious-minded Wife (to Frivolous Husband). There's something so simple and noble about it. And then, Dick, what a lesson it teaches!

Dick. What lesson? Ridin'-lesson?

His Wife. DICK! As if I could mean that! You remember how fond he always was of Allegory?—you see it in so many of his pictures. Well, I believe that what he really meant this to suggest was our Will controlling and subduing our Lower Nature.

Dick. Daresay you're right, AGGIE. But I tell you what. If our WILLIAM don't look out he 'll take a toss yet. Too bad to put a young fellow with so little beef on him up on such a vicious brute as that!

His Wife. And is that all a great work of Art has to say to you?

Dick. No, dear, no. I 'm beginnin' to see his meanin' now.

His Wife. Then how do you interpret it?

Dick. Why, as I understand him, he's sayin': "Don't you worry, cockie, the old gee and I are much too busy giving our exhibition of Physical Energy to have any time for teachin' morals. So I 'd advise you to take your little missis off to the Refreshment Place over there, in case her lower nature feels equal to subduing a strawberry ice." 'Pon my word, you know, that's not half a bad idea of young Physical's! What?

His Wife. I do wish you would be serious sometimes, DICK! Still, perhaps some tea would be rather—(*they depart towards the Pavilion*).

Mr. Ernest Pinceney (to his Fiancée, whose mind he is endeavouring to form). Now, FLOSSIE, you get the best view of it from where I am. Marvellously strenuous piece of work, isn't it? And the massive force of it! Eh?

Flossie. Oh, it's very nice indeed, dear. I quite like it. Only—

Ernest (encouragingly, as she hesitates). Yes. Don't be afraid to say exactly what you think. Only what?

Flossie. I never saw any real horse with quite so many lumps and folds in it.

Ernest. Ah, you mean the modelling is rather rough. But you should try to look upon it not so much as a study of any actual animal as an attempt to express the abstract idea of a horse in a concrete shape.

Flossie. I see. That accounts for it. I 'd been thinking it was bronze.

A Dogmatic Critic. The fault I find with the horse is that the 'ind-quarters are gallopin' while the front part's standing still. Now that's a thing you 'll never see 'orses do.

His Companion. You see it in those instantaneous photos of 'orses gallopin'.

The D. C. Pre'aps. That may be. But that ain't my point. Statuary ought to represent not what is seen by the camera, but by the ordinary yumin eye. If you take the ancient sculptors—

His Comp. I dessay. But what you've got to remember is that Art has made some progress since their time.

A Worthy Matron (as she approaches the spot). Lor, is that a drinkin'-fountain, or what ever is it?

A Well-informed Person. I did 'ear it was put up as a memorial to CECIL RHODES.

A Better-informed P. Pawdon me, you're wrong there. That's over in South Africa. Not to mention that RHODES was a much stouter man than the one on that 'orse. I expect that 'll be the monument to KING WILLIAM THE THIRD. 'Im as built Kensington Palace there.

The Matron. WILLIAM THE THIRD? Oh, it can't be 'im. Without so much as a stitch on him!

The Better-informed P. It's what is known as a Classical Statue, mum. That sort don't, as a rule, wear much clothing.

The Matron. But not even a crown on his 'ed! I don't call that respectful to Royalty!

The Better-informed P. I don't say it's intended as a portrait; but that's 'oo it's put in memory of. I know from having read all about it in the papers. Presented to KING EDWARD, it was, by the GERMAN EMPEROR.

The Matron. The GERMAN EMPEROR! Then let's 'ope there mayn't be nothink beyind it! (*She shakes her head in dark distrust of the Argive gift*).

F. A.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

FASCINATING OLD-WORLD LORE.

NOTHING being of such interest to the public as the presentation of unimportant subsidiary facts concerning an important event or personage, we have been at considerable pains to collect information around Shepherd's Bush, the *locale* (as our gay visitors would say) of the great Exhibition, which some papers would have us call the Ententeries, a thing which it is earnestly to be hoped no one will ever do.

Why Shepherd's Bush? Who was the Shepherd? When did he live? Of what did his Bush consist? Was it a gorse bush or a holly bush, a gooseberry bush, or a Bull and Bush? Why had he only one? All these questions we are prepared to answer, having spent much good time in the British Museum up to our necks in research.

To begin with, here is the story of the Shepherd. His name might have been, but was not, Norval. His name was Giles. Later this grew into Giles Shepherd, owing to his interest in sheep, which he carefully tended day and night for a hard taskmaster. From a shepherd he became in time a flock owner, and his sheep grazed on the luscious grass between Notting Hill Gate and Acton, in the days when neither of those pleasure resorts had been heard of. For Giles Shepherd lived a very long time ago, ere yet old Dan CHAUCER had tuned his rathe pipe.

It is difficult to think of Greater London in Giles Shepherd's days. Imagine a green plain, broken only by gentle undulations and bisected by a bad road here and there. That was London west of the City.

Imagine it. No Tube, no buses, no miles of houses, no Ealing spire, no Wormwood Scrubbs prison, no Olympia, and, more than all, no Shepherd's Bush Exhibition.

And that brings us to an interesting point. Giles Shepherd, when in his cups, or rather flagons, for he put away the mead to some purpose, would sink into a trance, in which he could see far into the future, how accurately none knew then, but all may know now. It was in one such cataleptic swoon, dead, as a later sage has expressed it, to the world, that he dictated to a learned clerk who shared his potations the famous shepherd's rede, as it is called, in which he foretold that a time would come when the fields on which his flocks were then grazing would be built over, and would no longer be



LOOKING FORWARD.

A "PROBLEM" ROOM AT THE R.A.

fields, and that one day a white city would be erected in their midst, which would not be ready for the public until months after it was thrown open. All this did Giles Shepherd see in his dream, and all this was written down in monkish characters by his clerk companion, and preserved piously for our own eyes to rest upon in the British Museum.

Is not that an interesting story?

Giles Shepherd, we have further discovered, lived to a round old age, much respected by his sheep, and finally died, leaving a sum of fourpence to be spent annually in providing teetotal beverages to a hundred poor toppers. Money was so much more valuable in those days that the fund,

being never applied for, has swelled to enormous proportions, requiring a board of directors to administer it, and offices and a banqueting-hall to administer it in.

So much for Giles Shepherd, who gave his name to the district in which this wonderful embryonic Exhibition is now being held. No one can go there without thinking of his brave and useful life.

"But," you say, "what about the Bush? You have forgotten the Bush!" So we have, it is true. "Bush" was the name of his dog.

"Good all-round painter, glazier, etc., wants work, charge or otherwise."—Evening News.

"Otherwise," by all means,

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ—NEW STYLE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Always—as becomes a stalwart and up-to-date Radical—a diligent and devout student of the "Social and Personal" column in *The Daily Chronicle*, I have been much impressed with the note of lyrical ecstasy which inspires the writer in the discharge of his exalted duties. More than any one else he brings home to us the profound and welcome truth that to be a successful and shining Liberal it is not necessary to lead a life of Spartan asceticism and self-denial; on the contrary, that the votaries of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform lend fresh lustre to their cause by the sumptuousness of their entertainments and the splendour of their attire. Only in one respect, however, do these records of the strenuous opulence of our enlightened plutocracy admit of improvement. *Facit assentatio verum.* So noble a theme ill assorts with a pedestrian medium of expression. I am only too well aware that the following efforts are crude and amateurish, but if they serve, as I humbly hope they will, to stimulate the competition of *The Daily Chronicle* I shall not have laboured in vain.

Believe me to be,

Yours with profound respect,

TARLEY BINDELLS.

The Skelligs, Maida Vale.

A Brilliant Banquet.

Quite a number of dinner parties were given on Friday night,
And the stately halls of Mayfair were ablaze with electric light.
Baron DE BOODLE had sixty guests at his palace in Grosvenor Square,
And a bevy of lovely women and gallant men were there.
The hostess was gown'd in crimson crash with quillings of peacock blue,
And her sumptuous *chevelure* was crowned with a sapphire barbecue.
The Duchess of HULL was frocked in pink with elliptical festoons,
And Lady DEFEW wore electric blue encrusted with macaroons.
Miss SYLVIA SLACK looked sweet in black, with insertions of piperazine,
And the Countess of Bow's tiara looked as large as a soup tureen.

High Life in Hyde Park.

The Park was remarkably full on Sunday last at Church parade,
And the Liberal rank and fashion threw the Tories into the shade.
Lord COURTNEY, in terra cotta, with a lovely Leghorn hat,
Had buttonholed Lord BELLOC for a theological chat.
Lord BERRIDGE was splendidly garbed in bronze, with marigolds in his hair,
And Viscount DONES with Lord HENRY JONES escorted Miss PHYLLIS DARE.
Marquis MASON, in silver tissue, came late with Sir LEONARD BORWICK.
And a group of Labour Members, in plush, surrounded the Duchess of WARWICK.

A Memorable Ball.

The National Liberal Club last night gave their annual Fancy Ball.

Ten thousand guests were invited, and few declined the call.

It was roses, roses everywhere, in clumps and clusters and bowers,

And the revelry was continued into the wee small hours. In deference to the Party's views, no alcohol was on sale. But there were oceans of ginger beer, Jeroboams of ginger ale.

Lord HALDANE danced the two-step in an Archimandrite's habit,

And the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER appeared as a wild Welsh rabbit.

Lord PERCY BUNTING was much admired in the rôle of ALLAN-A-DALE,

And I also noticed Lord BAMFORD SLACK in a shining coat of mail.

Lord PERKS, as FRIAR TUCK, was garbed in a lime-green cutaway coat,

With an ostrich feather ruffle encircling his manly throat.

Lord HEBER HART looked very cool as LEONIDAS the Spartan,

And Viscount BYLES, as Lord of the Isles, appeared in a lightning tartan.

Count FISHER UNWIN in blue batiste made a spirited GRIMALDI,

And Earl CHIOZZA MONEY was quite superb as GARIBALDI. Lord GIBSON BOTT looked rather hot as a Finnish Duke in furs,

Lord HAROLD COX as *Valentine Vox* wore pink silk socks and spurs.

Sir SIDNEY LEE as ROBIN HOOD donned spats of Lincoln green,

And Sir HENRY COTTON as SHAH JEHAN wore Indian bombazine.

"VEX NOT THOU THE POET'S MIND."

SCENE—A room. *He, with his right arm in a sling as before, is pacing to and fro. She is at the writing table.*

She. Well, what do you want me to do now?

He. I thought we would try to do a bit of verse.

She. Verse! You can't dictate verse. I never heard of anybody doing such a thing.

He. What about MILTON?

She. Oh, if you're going to write verse like MILTON, I'm off.

He. You needn't worry about that. It won't be like MILTON.

She. Is it going to be funny or serious?

He. Well, of all the silly questions that's the silliest. It's enough to put every idea out of a man's head. What can it matter to you?

She. Right! I see it's going to be funny. Well, fire away, I'm ready.

He. Hum—ah—stop a bit; don't write that down. Now then! Wait a bit. Are you ready?

She. Yes, yes; do get started.

He (reciting). "The leaves——"

She (wildly interrupting). Stop! Stop! My style's gone wrong. *(Taps with it on the paper.)* There doesn't seem to be any ink in it! Yes, there is. Oh, what a blot! Wait, wait; I must have a fresh sheet. *(Takes one.)* Now then.

He. Where was I? You've made my mind a blank.

She (meditatively). Wasn't it something about trees?

He. Trees be blowed! Now write what I tell you. *(Recites again.)* "The leaves that lately began to shoot have every one of them——"



Chauffeur. "It's all right, my man; you're not hurt!"

Victim. "I don't know so much about that. I must see my solicitor."

She (interrupting). Isn't that rather a long line, dear?

He (furious). Great Heavens, can't I have a line as long as I like! Do keep quiet for half a minute, and let me get on.

She (placidly). Oh, of course, if you take it like that I've nothing more to say. I was only trying to help you.

He (continuing his recitation). "Shot."

She (putting down her pen, turns and faces him). What in the name of sense do you mean?

He (madly). Shot, shot, shot! Write down the word shot! It's the end of the line.

She. Well, that's something to be thankful for! Next line, please. Come on, there are any amount of rhymes: bot—cot—dot—got—hot—not—tot.

He (apostrophising the ceiling). Won't somebody take this person away?

She. Hurry up with the next line, MILTON.

He (ignoring the taunt, again recites). "They didn't seem many a week ago but now they appear a——"

She (interrupting in frantic enthusiasm). I bet I know what it's going to be. Don't tell me. Let me guess.

He. Guess away.

She (tentatively). It isn't k-n-o-t, is it?

He (shortly). No, it isn't!

She. Then it must be l-o-t—lot.

He. You've got it. *(She writes it down.)* Now read the lines out to me. *(She does this.)*

She. It doesn't seem very funny yet, does it?

He. How the dickens can anybody be funny with you talking all the time!

She (encouragingly). Never mind, I dare say it will get quite screaming in another line or two.

(He seizes the paper, throws it down, and stamps upon it. Scene closes.)

BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I won't keep you a minute. I only want to protest against some of the idiotic names which are being showered on the Franco-British Exhibition. *The Daily Mail* is evidently determined that we shall call it *The White City* and only *The White City*. I daresay it paid Mr. BART KENNEDY a fabulous sum for inventing the title, and I don't blame it for trying to get its money's worth. But when I am asked by the Central London Railway to "Go to the Busheries by the Tuberies" (I am not romancing, this is an actual advertisement), I think it is time to protest. The next thing will be for the London General Omnibus Company to invite us to *Go to the Shepherdies by the Motory-Busseries*! If we must have an endearing name for the Exhibition (at any rate during its incoherent infancy), surely some of your readers could evolve something better than *The White City* and *The Busheries*, which suggest respectively a cemetery and a nursery garden.

Yours faithfully,

A READER OF PUNCHERIES.

P.S.—A friend, who has thought about it a good deal, sends me the following suggestion, the best that has yet reached me:—"Why not call it *The Franco-British Exhibition*?" he asks.



AN "ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS" FORECAST.

Gillie. "THERE'S NOT A SINGLE BEAST ON THE GROUND, AW'M THINKIN'."

Stalker. "WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT WITH THESE INFERNAL TOURISTS ALL OVER THE PLACE, LIKE THAT FELLOW OVER THERE?"

Gillie. "WEEL—AW'M NA SURE IN MY AIN MIND YON'S NO A STAGGIE. 'THE LIGHT'S AWFU' DECEEVIN'; BUT MAYBE A CAREFU' SHOT NOO, WI' THE RIFLE—AT ABOUT SAX HUNDER——" (*Voice dies away.*)

FIGURES AND LETTERS.

The *Evening News*' announcement last week of "2½" as the title of its new serial story has started an interesting discussion among authors and publishers. For some time the clashing of titles has been a cause of trouble in the book world, and there is a feeling that perhaps in the use of figures a better way, for a time at any rate, may be found.

"Unless a title is either Biblical or Shakspearean," said a well-known publisher to our representative, "it is notorious that a book has little chance. Both those sources having been exhausted, the use of figures would carry us on for at least another six years. After that, something else would have to be found. Of course, the simpler the figure the more easily can it be remembered, and the better chance is given to the book. I have, therefore, entered all numbers from 1 to 100 at Stationers' Hall for my clients. '1' is to be

the title of the next book of our leading novelist, whose recent researches in Egypt——"

Calling on another famous publisher, our representative gathered the opinion that, while figures were good, the combination of letters and figures was better. "There will be a rush to register the title '1' for instance," said the senior partner with a smile. "Well, let them have it. Personally we have secured 'A1,' and that will be the title of our leading novelist's new book. You saw in the papers, no doubt, that she was reserving the announcement of the title for a few weeks. Well, you can take it from me that that is the title."

Looking in upon his tobacconist, who is something of a wit, our representative found him smiling gently over the title "2½." "An epitome of domestic life," he said darkly. "By the way, have you tried our 'Tertium Quid'? No married home is complete without it."

THE AMENDE FEMININE.

DEAR JACK, when we quarrelled last night

I told you to go, and you went,
And I've felt ever since I must write
To say I said more than I meant.

But your smile was so cuttingly calm,
Your manner so slightly short,
That my sensitive feelings found balm
In the shape of a bitter retort.

I told you to go in disgust,
Omitting the usual kiss,
Our tender adieu, which I trust,
Like me, you've continued to miss.

Till then I'd consistently shown
A character guiltless of flaws;
Last night you were treated, I own,
To a small exhibition of claws.

My temper was hot, I confess,
I really won't argue again.
Much love, yours as ever—P.S.,
I am sure I was right in the main.



A PRESENTATION MILLSTONE.

MR. ASQUITH. "IT IS MY PLEASANT DUTY, MY DEAR LLOYD-GEORGE, TO HAND ON TO YOU THIS TRINKET PRESENTED TO ME BY A GRATEFUL COUNTRY. I NEED HARDLY ASK YOU TO BE WORTHY OF IT."



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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 18.—PRINCE ARTHUR back again after latest wrestle with his ancient enemy influenza. Occasion led up to one of those little episodes that from time to time grace the course of Party strife. Catching sight of Leader of Opposition entering from behind SPEAKER'S Chair, all sections joined in a hearty cheer of welcome. Later, when PRINCE ARTHUR enquired about course of public business, the PREMIER prefaced answer with word of hearty congratulation on his recovery. Whereat there was another outburst of general cheering.

In both Houses resolution submitted proposing erection in Westminster Abbey of monument to C.-B. Leaders of Opposition heartily concur, but significantly suggest that time has come when such monuments should be housed elsewhere. The Abbey is a congested district of the illustrious dead. No room for fresh comers. LANSDOWNE recalls fact that when honour

was done to late Lord SALISBURY it was found necessary to find space by chipping away the monument of a lesser hero. Some of the young men below gangway in the Commons do not altogether like the idea of closing the Abbey to possible Premiers. For PRINCE ARTHUR it is clearly an act of renunciation, which will doubtless have paramount weight throughout the dim and distant future.

Crowded benches in anticipation of second reading of Education Bill. Since it was last before House a

great deal has happened. Ministry reconstructed. Incidentally McKENNA, laying down ferule of schoolmaster, has taken up the trident of Britannia. Understood he had done with Education Board and all its works. But here he is, having laid aside his laced cocked hat, ungirded his sword, standing at the Table discoursing about contracting out, im-

the Interrogatory ASHLEY, number ran up to four-score. This all very well as far as it went. But, as it takes two to make a quarrel, so must there be duality in the matter of putting and answering questions. When ASHLEY rose with cluster of three to begin with, there were just as many Ministers on Treasury Bench. As the hour sped Member after Member rose at call of SPEAKER, but the Minister addressed was absent.

Explanation of unfamiliar phenomenon presently dawned on wondering House. The patriots who sit behind Front Opposition Bench, and take good care the sun never sets on the British Empire, had arranged a sort of sniping expedition. The guns included Captain FABER, evidently depressed at rumoured retirement of WHITELEY; Sir WILLIAM BULL (son of the late JOHN BULL); Captain CRAIG, and Earl WINTERTON, on whose head incessant cares of State are already sprinkling the snows of yesterday. Each man had his target assigned to him. WINTERTON, indeed, had four, which seemed on face of it a regrettable truckling to rank.



"INCIDENTALLY McKENNA HAS TAKEN UP THE TRIDENT OF BRITANNIA."

perial grants, and the COWPER-TEMPLE clause, just as if there were no such things as battleships, dockyards, and scrap-heaps. For this time only. It is his Bill, as was the Budget the PREMIER'S. Accordingly he launches it on second reading course; thereafter RUNCIMAN will take the helm.

Business done.—Second reading of Education Bill moved.

Tuesday.—Extraordinary scene this afternoon. Sixty-seven questions on paper addressed to Ministers. Adding supplementary ones put by

The little game was to fire off questions addressed to Ministers in charge of Departments. Form identical save for variation of the style of Minister. It ran thus: "To ask the Under-Secretary of State for India whether, having regard to the almost universal recognition of Empire Day by the self-governing communities of his Majesty's Dominions beyond the Seas, he will give instructions for the Union Jack to be flown on the India Office buildings on Empire Day?"

Thus FABER potting BUCHANAN.



THE BARE (UP) IN ARMS.
(Earl W-at-rt-n.)

Next came BULL with intent to make a bull's-eye on Colonel SEELY as representing the Colonies. To Captain CRAIG's firm hand and sure eye were committed the life and fortunes of RUNCIMAN, just come to the Education Office. As for WINTERTON, he, firing right and left, was expected to bring down ASQUITH at the head of affairs, HERBERT GLADSTONE at the Home Office, BIRRELL at the Irish Office, and felt quite sure he would never miss the spacious figure of NAPOLEON B. HALDANE.

This was the little scheme formulated in secret council. In design and frame faultless as those of Territorial Army. The best laid schemes of mice and statesmen "gang aft agley" (*anglicé*, don't always come off). The Ministers marked down for slaughter warily kept out of range. The conspirators fondly pictured them getting up one after another, and in varying form making excuse for their shameless neglect of the highest Imperial interests. Their absence spoiled the whole thing. Worse still, the PREMIER stepped in. An awkward man to take a hand in this sort of game. Answering for self and colleagues, he coolly remarked: "No sufficient reason has been shown for departure in this matter from the practice of our predecessors."

A nasty one that. Object of demonstration was, of course, to show up this Government in its true light, as Little Englanders who care no

thing for Empire or Empire Day. And here was PREMIER incidentally recalling familiar fact that during their long term of office his predecessors were equally guilty.

As SARK says, men will be boys sometimes.

Business done.—Second reading debate on Education Bill carried on through eight hours in House that successfully managed to conceal tumult of feeling in the matter.

House of Lords, Friday.—Apart from legislative circumstance, House of Lords is ever interesting. Has a way of flashing unexpected sidelights on common objects that endears it to mankind, and may be counted upon to prevail against the machinations of those who would mend it or end it. Only the other night BURLY BALFOUR accidentally unearthed a curious etymological fact. In Committee on Scottish Land Values Bill he moved an amendment in which he spoke of "any purpose to which such land can presently be devoted."

Discovered unaccountable opposition on part of English Peers on his own side. They seemed altogether to misconstrue intention of the amendment. Didn't even seem to understand meaning of ordinary word "presently." Presently, of course, means immediately, straightway, at this moment. Noble lords seemed to think it meant at some future time. To BURLY BALFOUR's astonishment imputation was admitted. He found that whilst north of the Tweed "presently" means at the present time, south of it, it signifies at some future time. This shows how hollow is the so-called Union.

Meanwhile discovery was fatal to amendment. Obviously it

would be inconvenient to embody in Act of Parliament a word which has contrary meanings according to the geographical line above or below which it is cited.

And now comes TWEEDMOUTH with a new definition of Friendship. In debate on alleged inefficiency of artillery in Territorial Army he quoted a letter from an authority "who," he added, "is a friend of Lord ROBERTS."

"How do you know he is my friend?" asked the sturdy BOSS.

"I have seen you sitting together," replied Lord President of the Council with air of ingenuous conviction not generally shared by noble lords.

To the trained legal mind of LONG JOHN O'CONNOR, looking on from the Commons' pen, there occurred what may be cited as a leading case. For many years after the great disruption in Committee Room No. 15, TIM HEALY and JOHN DILLON sat together on second bench below gangway in the Commons. It is true they



"I do not know that the difference between Presbyterians and Baptists can be better personified than in the cases of the rt. hon. gentleman the Leader of the Opposition and my hon. friend who was President of the Baptist Union last year." (Laughter.)—Mr. Runciman.

(Mr. B-M-r and Sir G-rge Wh-te.)



TRIALS OF A FISHERMAN.—NO. I.

Extracts from the diary of a beginner.—"JUST RENTED BEST BIT OF TROUT-FISHING IN THE COUNTY. HEARD MAYFLY WERE UP, SO STARTED AT ONCE. FOUND OTTER HOUNDS BEEN ALL OVER THE WATER. MASTER SAID HE WAS GLAD TO SEE ME OUT, BUT THOUGHT I SHOULD FIND WADERS AWFULLY HOT TO GO OTTER-HUNTING IN."

mutually assumed attitude which, as Mr. FLAVIN used to say, "brought their backs face to face." Still, they fulfilled TWEEDMOUTH'S definition of friendship, since they were "seen sitting together." How fallacious is the deduction appears in recollection of this familiar incident.

Business done.—Commons Discussing Scotch Local Option.

A Fatal Harmony.

"Miss Olive Ibbotson proved to be a young woman wearing a green costume, and a hat trimmed with yellow lace. As there was a previous conviction for a similar offence, she was ordered to find a surety or undergo twenty-one days' imprisonment."—*Daily Chronicle*.

The Liverpool Echo on the "Director's" gown:—

"A lady representative of the 'Morning Leader' has been making inquiries as to the reception of the new mode in London, and finds that it is likely to be distinctly chilly."

It certainly has that appearance.

GETTIN' HITCHED.

WE cannot help feeling that Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is making a grave mistake in not working out his plays in collaboration with Mr. GEORGE ADE. *Getting Married* sadly wants some "hustle," or "ginger," put into it, and the author of *The College Widow* could certainly have supplied this, e.g.:—

GETTIN' HITCHED.

A heart-to-heart talk by GEORGE A. SHAW, of London (Eng.).

Middle of the second Act.—The Bridgenorth family are trying to draw up a modern form of marriage contract between EDITH BRIDGENORTH and CECIL SYKES. BILL COLLINS, a "prominent" waiter, is called in to advise.

The Bishop. Say, COLLINS, we want you here on the SOCRATES stunt. EDITH'S been putting up a holler against hitching in with SYKES. She wants a Liberty Hall contract.

Collins. Wal, Bish., I'm right on to this. Make it T.C.

Edith. "Till cancelled"? That's till I mean to quit, I guess.

Sykes. Say, but that's where I begin to buck. Suppose I call to see it out?

Collins. Wal, make it seven with an option.

The General. Excuse me butting in, but what's the matter with the kiddies? Say now, which end do they go?

Reginald Bridgenorth. Wait till they're grown up and on their own toddles. Twenty-one years from copyrighting.

Lesbia. If I weren't a real English lady I'd say that was a Hades of a long time. (*Squirms from the audience.*)

Mrs. Reginald. Sure! I guess that one year with a husband would feed me up to Plimsoll mark. It's me for the sample life!

Father Antony (poising a stylo). Amendment proposed by Old Man

REGINALD—twenty-one years from copyrighting. Those in favour elevate. . .

St. John Hotchkiss (interrupting). Say, of all the pinkest set of farm-hands! You've clean forgot the dough! Which one takes the jack-pot?

Collins. Say, bub, you're gettin' too mighty new! *(Takes him by the collar and deposits him outside the window.)* Git! And don't you stop to pick daisies!

The Bishop (slapping him on the back admiringly). Say, COLLINS, you're real smart on the rush line!

Collins (deprecatingly). Wal, Bish., I guess I ain't in the same hemisphere with Mrs. GEORGE.

The Bishop. Your sis-in-law?

Collins. The same. She's curry. She could settle this matter in a trance in two winks. 'Phone her up on her private wire, Bish.

The Bishop (taking up the telephone). Hal. . .

Curtain.

The curtain rises on Act III. with the actors in the same position, following the new dramatic technique.

The Bishop (at the telephone). . . . lo! . . . That you, Mrs. GEORGE? Hustle right here. We want you sick.

St. John Hotchkiss (climbing in through the window). Gee whiz, I want to see this out. Rah! for Mrs. G., boys! Rah, rah, rah, G.E.O.R.G.E., rah, rah. . . *(COLLINS goes to remove him.)*

Mrs. George (entering). Leave him to me, BILL, I'll rattle him presently. *(COLLINS desists.)* What you want me for, Bish.?

The Bishop. Can you clot the philosophy of love and marriage into a one-minute trance?

Mrs. George. Sure! But for men only. *(The ladies retire.)*

Mrs. George (in a trance, dreamily). I gave you the sun and the moon and the sleet of stars, and you said, "That ain't enough." I gave you the whole universe in one embrace, and you said, "Look slippy with the breakfast!" I gave you an æon in a single instant, and you said, "What about the holes in my sox?" I was your chattel, and it was not enough. Wal, now I guess I'm going to light right out with a muffin-bell, and give you. . . *Curtain.*

LONDON LETTERS.

VII.

DEAR CHARLES,—Many thanks for your letter. Don't side just because you get up at six o'clock and feed the cow, or shave the goat, or whatever it is. Other people get up early too. For the last few weeks I have sprung out of bed at seven-thirty. (I always "spring" out—it is so much more classy.) But I doubt if I can keep it up.

The truth is that I have just made an unhappy discovery. I was under

4,000 square miles. Multiply that by 640 and you get it in acres. Quite the landowner.

Moreover, CHARLES, my lad, you are not the one person who knows things about animals. You may be on terms of familiarity with the cow and the goat, but these are not the only beasts. What acquaintance, for example, have you with reptiles? The common newt—do you know anything about him? No. Well then, now I'll tell you.

When I was seven and JOHN was eight we went to a naturalist's in Hampstead to enquire the price of newts. They were threepence each, not being quite in season. We bought sixpenny-worth; the man put them into a paper bag for us, and we took them up on the Heath to give them a gallop. When we opened the bag we found three newts inside. It seemed impossible that the thing could have happened naturally, so we went back to the shop to explain to the man that he had made a mistake. However he hadn't; he had merely given us one newt discount. (Remember that when next you're buying them.) Well, we returned to the Heath, and they showed their paces. Now the newt is an amphibious animal (Greek); he is quite as much at ease in the bathroom as on the mat. So when we got them home we arranged to try them in our bath.

This is where you cry. For a time all went well. They dived, swam (back and front), trod water, returned to life when apparently drowned, and so forth. Then JOHN pulled up the waste-pipe. He says now that he did it inadvertently, but I fancy that he

wanted to see what would happen. What did happen was that they got into the whirlpool and disappeared. We turned on both the hot and cold taps to see if they would come back, but they didn't. Apparently you don't. We rushed into the garden to see if they would return by the drain-pipe with the rain-water, but not they. Only the paper-bag was left to us . . . and (to this day I cannot recall it without a tear) it was JOHN who popped it.

CHARLES, we never saw those newts again. Crusoe, Cleaver and Robinson were their names. Robinson and Crusoe they were to have been; and when the third came and



TERRITORIAL TROUBLES.

Recruit. "PLEASE, SERGEANT, I'VE GOT A SPLINTER IN MY 'AND."

Sergeant-Instructor. "WOT YER BEEN DOIN'? STROKIN' YER 'EAD?"

the impression that my man's name was TURLEY; I should say my third of a man, because I share him with two others, but anyhow I thought his whole name was TURLEY. So I used to write nice little notes, beginning "If you're waking, call me, TURLEY," and leave them about for him. He invariably woke at seven and read them—and came and called me, mother dear. Of course I had to get up. Well, I have now heard that his name is really HOLLAND, which makes all the difference. It would be absurd to write him any more notes of that kind. My one satisfaction is that I can claim to own a third of Holland, which is about



Old Gentleman. "Now, KIDDIES, DO YOU WANT ME TO HAVE A GAME OF ROMPS WITH YOU? Eh?"

Youngster. "Oh, NO! WE'RE PLAYING AT INDIANS, AND YOU'RE NO USE. YOU'RE SCALPED ALREADY!"

seemed to take a fancy to Robinson, we called him Cleaver. Where are they now? In the mighty Thames somewhere, I suppose. So, CHARLES, if ever you are near the river, keep a friendly eye open for them, will you? They may be a little wild now, but they were good newts in their day.

We had a *Buforium* too in our time, you must know. I have just made that word up, and it means a place where you keep toads. In our case it was the sink. The toad, as you may not have realised, has no vomerine or maxillary teeth, but he *has* got a distinct tympanum. However, what I really wanted to say was that the toad has a pyriform tongue of incredible length, by means of which he catches his prey, thus differing from the frog, which leaps at 'em. We used to station a toad opposite one of the walls of the sink—of the *Buforium*, and then run his breakfast down the side. Sometimes it would be a very long centipede, and then you could have one toad for each

end; or a— What brutes little boys are; I'm not going to tell you any more about toads. (Except to say that his omosternum is generally missing. That must be very annoying.)

Did I ever talk to you about our hedgehogs? We kept no end of them, but Peter was the only one who stayed. He used to live in the scullery, so as to see that no black-beetles got about. One night the cook woke up suddenly and remembered that she had left the scullery tap running. So she jumped out of bed and ran downstairs, not even stopping to put on slippers. . . .

She was a very heavy woman. . . . No, Peter wasn't hurt much; but she refused to have him in the kitchen again.

This is a very zoological letter, but I just wanted to show you that you weren't the only one. Time fails me to tell you of a mole which we put in the geranium bed, of a certain kind of caterpillar from which we caught nettle-rash, of a particularly handsome triton which we kept in a

tank with a crab, giving them fresh and salt water on alternate days, so that there should be no quarrelling. It is enough if I have made it clear that one does not need to have Castle Bumpbrook on one's notepaper in order to commune with Nature.

I want two wedding presents—I don't mean for myself. What do you suggest? I bar anything for the table. Newly married couples might do nothing but eat to judge from the things they get given them. At present I hesitate between the useful—as, for instance, twenty thousand cubic feet of gas, and the purely ornamental—say an antimacassar. "Mr. and Mrs. SAMUEL JONES—a towel-horse": you never see that, do you? And yet you could pay anything for a pure-bred one, and they are very useful. The bride always wears "valuable old Honiton lace, the gift of her aunt." Otherwise it's not legal. KITTY never had an aunt, had she? Then you aren't properly married, CHARLES. I'm sorry.

A. A. M.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AFTER reading *The Metropolis* (ARNOLD), I am not at all surprised that London is so full of Americans just now; New York certainly seems the limit. Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR's book would be called, I suppose, a story with a purpose; actually it is almost entirely purpose with only a very slight story. The hero spends most of his time at the houses of hopeless vulgarians who eat too much; that, roughly, is the plot. There are a good many other characters in the book, and they also eat too much. Mr. SINCLAIR describes many of the things they eat—with, it seems to me, a certain gusto; rather as if he wanted you to know that he had been through it all himself. (What a change from the corned beef in *The Jungle*!) When I read a book of this kind I am always puzzled by one point. Is the author writing from his own inside knowledge of what goes on at these millionaires' houses? If not, then his testimony is of little value. On the other hand, if he speaks from experience, then one cannot help reflecting that he has accepted the hospitality of these people, that he has been given a very good or, at any rate a very filling time by them, and that now he is making money by running them down. However, Mr. SINCLAIR must settle that with himself; no doubt the end justifies the means. I wish him all success in so far as his campaign is against immorality; but I think he makes a mistake in attacking vulgarity so strenuously. Ridicule would be a better weapon.

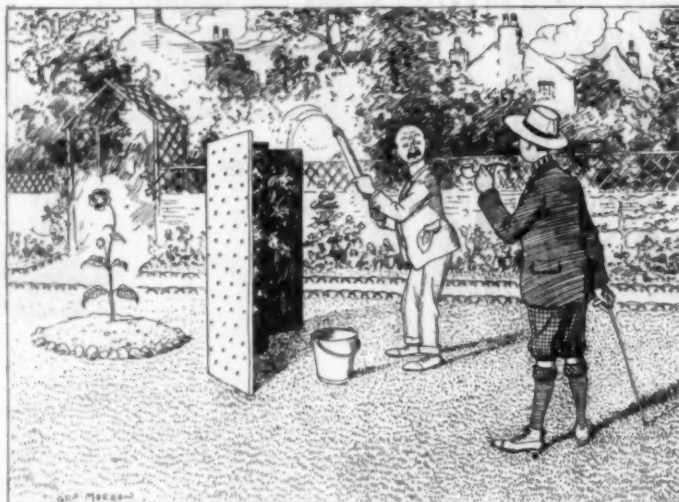
By *The Gates that shall not Prevail* (LANE), Mr. HERBERT M. FARRINGTON means, I suppose, the powers of hell. His hero, a muscular East End parson, is not above persuading people to be Christians by the *argumentum ad fisticuffs*, and is well qualified to take the mat against the champion heavy-weight of the lower regions. Mr. FARRINGTON calls him *Brother Paul*. *Brother Peter* would surely be a more suitable name, and personally I should have been tempted to christen Mr. Higgins, late king of the Sandbaggers (whom *Brother Paul* had brought into the fold by knocking him out), Niblick Nick instead of *Bunker Bill*. A niblick has just as much to do with sand as a bunker, and seems to express more aptly the unregenerate character of the converted Hooligan. But that is by the way. *Brother Paul* sits to a fashionable Free-thinking painter for an allegorical portrait (bearing the same title as the book), in which he is represented in his monkish cassock defying the storms

of hell by the aid of the Cross. He also proves himself a very St. ANTHONY by the strength with which he resists the alluring advances of the artist's favourite model, a lady, I regret to say, who was no better than she should be. In the end both Freethinker and Magdalen are won over by *Brother Paul's* influence to join in his New Crusade against wickedness in high (and low) places. Though the tone and tendency of the book are irreproachably moral, I think it suffers artistically from being part novel and part sermon. Nevertheless, unlike so many modern examples of its two component parts, it is neither stupid nor dull.

Mr. JOHN AYSCOUGH shows in his novel *Marotz* (CONSTABLE) that he is a master of detail; but he is, I think, in some danger of allowing detail to master him. "The reader may be occasionally bored," he seems to say, "but no detail of *Marotz's* life is insignificant to me, and I mean to write my book in my own way." It is, perhaps, ungrateful to complain of Mr. AYSCOUGH's method when, on the whole, it produces a most excellent result. But I confess that *Marotz's* life in the Convent of the Reparation (she arrives there on p. 97 and doesn't get out till p. 178) is described with a wearisome minuteness. Mr. AYSCOUGH is himself aware that he is becoming tedious, for just before his heroine leaves the Convent he writes:—"To the reader it is scarcely likely that *Marotz* should have appeared very interesting." The remark is both candid and true. However, during her early and

unhappy married life, and through the peaceful years while she is bringing up her son in the lonely Sicilian castle, *Marotz* is drawn with admirable skill and care. If some of the closing scenes are unexpected and fantastic, nevertheless the book still impresses me as a very sincere and conscientious piece of work.

Mr. PAUL HERRING's *Dragon's Silk* (CASSELL) is drowned in dialogue, and I should be very sorry to have to count the "smart" remarks which are scattered over its pages. Mr. HERRING manufactures jokes without difficulty, but he is far too easily satisfied. "To be unattainable," said her Grace in an epigram, "is an ideal life, and produces satisfactory dividends." Her Grace, by the way, was called the *Duchess of Dazzle*; but I cannot say that her conversation reflected her title. Mr. HERRING's lavish display of verbal fireworks suffers from a prevailing dampness, and his undoubted gifts of imagination are lost in a riot of words. If he would give up trying to be so amusing I think that his next novel might be really good. For Mr. HERRING has ideas.



A SENSITIVE PLANT.

Friend of Amateur Gardener. "THAT SEEMS A CURIOUS ARRANGEMENT. WHAT'S THE SCREEN FOR?"

A. G. "SH-H! IF THAT FLOWER KNEW THIS WASN'T REAL RAIN, IT WOULDN'T GROW ANOTHER INCH!"